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W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

AN AMERICAN INTERNAL POLICY.

- FIRST—PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF PUBLIC FRANCHISES.
- SECOND—DESTRUCTION OF CRIMINAL TRUSTS.
- THIRD—A GRADUATED INCOME TAX.
- FOURTH—ELECTION OF SENATORS BY THE PEOPLE.
- FIFTH—NATIONAL, STATE AND MUNICIPAL IMPROVEMENT OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM.
- SIXTH—CURRENCY REFORM.
- SEVENTH—NO PROTECTION FOR OPPRESSIVE TRUSTS.

DON'T REFUSE TO ARBITRATE.

Thus far the Brooklyn strike has run the usual course. The managers of the corporation say that they are having no trouble in operating their lines. The men say that the system is crippled. The strikers are sullen, resentful, and some of them violent. However the contest may turn out, there will be needless loss, suffering, and perhaps bloodshed before it is over.

The leaders of the men declare that the strike would be called off in ten minutes if the company would consent to arbitrate. Why should the company refuse? If it were desired to formulate a case peculiarly fitted for arbitration it would be impossible to devise a better one than this. There is no question of principle involved. Both sides are substantially agreed upon the proper terms of employment. The only dispute is upon a matter of fact—whether these terms are actually in force. That is precisely the sort of question a tribunal of arbitration is qualified to pass upon.

It makes no difference whether the company is strong or not. If everything President Rossiter has said were true—if the corporation were absolutely in the right in its contentions and absolutely certain to win—it would be no less its duty and its policy to arbitrate. In that case the decision of the arbitrators would necessarily be in its favor, and it would find it much more to its advantage to win in that way than by brute strength. The men would go back to their work then with cheerfulness, feeling that they were fairly treated. If they were forced back by the pressure of want they would be cherishing a smouldering hostility and watching for the first chance to strike again under more favorable conditions.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath." Don't make your employers unnecessary trouble, Mr. Rossiter, merely to emphasize your own importance. Don't be an Otis or a Shafter.

street car. It is with this fact that President Rossiter reckoned when he permitted the Brooklyn strike to take place.

No, our people want "Democratic prosperity" that will give work to every man able and willing to work. Then there will be no strike for the simple reason that there will be no one to take the strikers' places.

The second lesson is that we must have another kind of arbitration than that for which our present laws provide. No one must be able to say: "There is nothing here to arbitrate." We must have an arbitration that will summon both parties before the board, and leave the latter to adjudge the equities as courts now adjudge contracts.

The
Curtain
Torn Down.

We seem to be living under a round robin military administration. When the imbecile commanders selected by a hero-dreading President have brought our armies to the verge of ruin, a few desperate men at the inside of things, unable to endure the situation any longer, take their liberty in their hands and unite in telling the country the truth. Then the Administration is compelled to do something. It was the officers, of whom Colonel Roosevelt was one, that performed this service at Santiago. The newspaper correspondents have just done it at Manila.

The round robin of the newspaper men, which is signed by Messrs. Bass and Dinwiddie, of the New York Herald; Davis and McDonald, of the New York Sun; Armstrong and McCutcheon, of the Chicago Record; Little, of the Chicago Tribune; Jones, Collins and Dunning, of the Associated Press, and Keen, of the Publishers' and Scripps-McRae Press Association, confirms in every detail the information sent by Mr. Creelman and other Journal correspondents for months past.

"We believe," say these gentlemen, "that owing to official dispatches from Manila made public at Washington, the people of the United States have not received a correct impression of the situation in the Philippines, and that these dispatches presented an ultra-optimistic view not shared by the general officers in the field."

The round robin controverts General Otis's assertions regarding the demoralization of the Filipinos and the successes of the American troops, and concludes with this astounding revelation:

THE CENSORSHIP HAS COMPELLED US TO PARTICIPATE IN THIS MISREPRESENTATION BY EXCISING OR ALTERING UNCONVERTED STATEMENTS AND FACTS ON THE PLEA, AS GENERAL OTIS STATED, 'THAT THEY WOULD ALARM THE PEOPLE AT HOME,' OR 'HAVE THE PEOPLE IN THE UNITED STATES BY THE EARS.'

Specifications of this are the prohibition to send hospital reports and the number of heat prostrations in the field; the suppression of full reports of field operations in the event of their failure; systematic minimization of naval operations and the prohibition to send complete reports of the situation.

Mr. Creelman, it will be remembered, refused to send his dispatches after they had been garbled in this way, preferring to allow the Journal to be beaten rather than permit it to be used to circulate false news.

The mass of evidence against Otis is overwhelming. The Journal prints a little of it to-day. Read the testimony of an officer of high rank who served in the Philippines under both Merritt and Otis. By the side of its appalling disclosures of criminal blundering the statements of the newspaper correspondents appear singularly mild and self-restrained. After reading that, and the blistering descriptions of Mr. Creelman, there can hardly be a doubt that it was the arrogant incapacity of Otis that actually brought on the war. The same incompetence that failed to preserve the peace is now helpless to restore it.

MR. MCKINLEY, WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO SEND A MAN TO THE PHILIPPINES?

MR. S. M. PAYTON, OF LOUISVILLE, whose letter appears below makes the interesting suggestion that the power of bequest ought to be limited, to check the accumulation of great fortunes. It is a good idea, if properly worked out in detail. It is a pity that all the good ideas cannot be put in force at once.

Limiting the Power of Bequest.

Editor of the New York Journal:
I am a daily subscriber and reader of your paper and have been for some time, and read every day your published declaration of political principles and endorse them all, and if you will add to them a demand that the power to make testamentary disposition of property be limited, in my humble judgment you will have gone further and reached down lower to elevate the human family and perpetuate the American Republic than any newspaper that has gone before you or that will come after you in the next century.

Opposition to trusts will not help the human family or the Democratic party. When you get into a big way denouncing them an Ella Wheeler Wilcox will come along and knock all the arguments as completely to the four winds of the earth as she did with that supposedly eminent divine of Newport a few days ago. Let men make all the money they can. Let them enjoy it as they like, when they lie down to take that final nap to which we are all hastening, let them sleep on undisturbed, and let the people who are still living use and enjoy their property. Take away the power to perpetuate large estates, and you will place the human family largely on a plane of equality, where energy, economy, industry and sobriety will have an opportunity to play an important part, and where ability and virtue will reap their just rewards nine times out of ten, and no one will be hurt thereby. If you limit the power to make testamentary disposition of property you destroy no property. The wealth of the rich is not destroyed or unjustly handled, but goes into the hands of those who are nearest and ought by every law of God and man to be dearest to its former possessor, and it all continues the heritage of society at large. If you examine "The Commentaries of William Blackstone on the Law of Wills" you will find that such a law formerly existed in England, when there was not one-tenth the demand for it that there is now in America. Louisville, Ky., July 4. S. M. PAYTON.

THE AWAKENING!



Painful Attitude of a Very Prominent Gentleman at Washington on Reading the Journal's Startling Exposure of the Woful Condition of Affairs in the Philippines.

SARAH AT SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE. IN THE FARCE, "HAMLETINA."

LONDON, July 1.—Sarah, in an outburst of luminous, spectacular and almost infectious reverence, has taken her "Hamletina" (she calls it "Hamlet") to the Memorial Theatre, in Stratford-on-Avon, resolved to play at Shakespeare's birthplace or perish in the attempt. I couldn't resist the temptation of journeying to Stratford to see the farce—I mean tragedy—through. I had a dim presentiment that Shakespeare himself might arise, rush through the tiny, neat and pebbled streets, and cry "Sacrilège!" (in which case I should have cabled you.) Then Anne Hathaway, in wisely sympathy, might have behaved similarly. In fact, there really might have been a tempestuous time, for a Hamlet in French and with a petticoated sex is calculated to arouse even comatose Stratfordians off their cots.

So with a few belated Londoners off I went to the little town upon the Avon. I felt I could not myself a bit, for I was not in Paris at the time that Sarah had herself crowned queen of the drama. I have always bitterly regretted this; it must have been such gorgeous fun. It takes a good deal to wake Stratford up. The place is almost dead as Shakespeare. When we got to the station, instead of seeing an excited populace anxious to remove Sarah's wheels (I mean the wheels of her carriage), and bear her in state to the theatre, I beheld the sweet, suave lethargy of a Summer's day. Everything was just as I had left it six years ago. There were the same buns in the shop windows; the identical announcements of good beds and brave breakfasts, and a solitary person near the lane where on a blue enamel sign (disgustingly and heartlessly new) you read, "To Shakespeare's House."

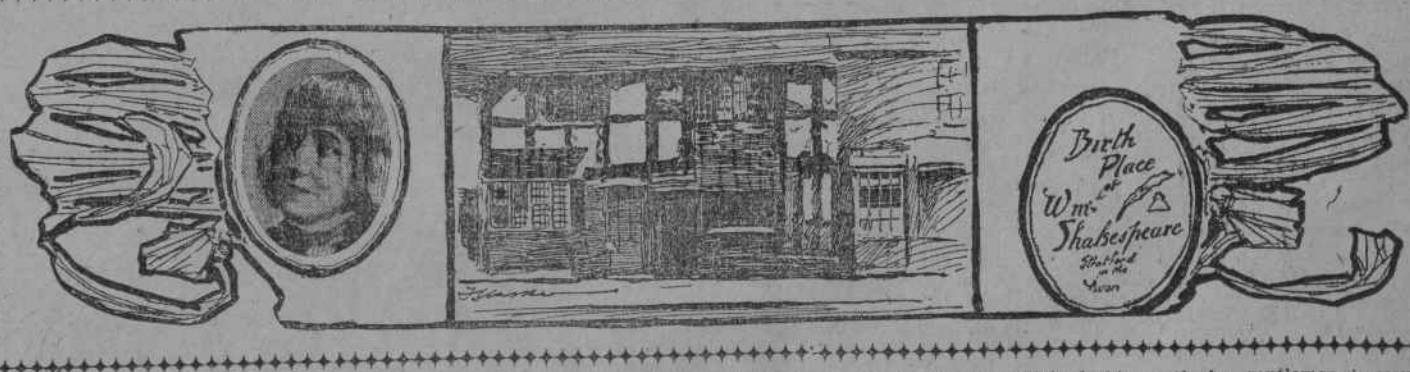
A few flags seemed to be asking each other if their mothers knew they were out. Such helpless, limp and surprised looking flags! Such un-festive, hopeless and timid little flags! They seemed to be wondering if they really ought to dangle for this Hamlet from Paris who had dropped her jupons for this occasion only!

Sarah, who dotes on a little bit of novelty, and who would sooner make a sensation than a barrel of money, arrived by a "specimen" to be greeted in a carefully arranged and artistically premeditated manner. The enthusiasm had all been mapped out in a diagram, and every "Bravo!" had a well-rehearsed sound. As she stepped from the train she looked happy, if a trifle frowzy. The Mayor and Mayoress of Stratford, neatly laundered and clad for the occasion—be with a

gold chain as the insignia of his rank—were on the platform. So was Miss Marie Corelli, the novelist, who is stopping in Stratford. Miss Corelli, who takes herself fearfully seriously, and evidently believes that one live Corelli is at least equal to a dead Shakespeare, rushed forward and pressed some orchids into Sarah's reluctant hands. Why Miss Corelli was mixed up with the occasion I shall never know or try to know. What "The Sorrows of Satan" have in common with "Hamletina" I can't say. The Corelli lady is a pleasant person, with corn-colored hair and much-trimmed clothes. Then came the members of the Town Council, helplessly silent and English. Sarah said something—presumably affable—and they all replied "Oul!" One, with daring originality, said "Oul, madame."

Then Sarah was hoisted into her carriage and driven to the Memorial Theatre. I had expected that she would spend a few minutes in Shakespeare's house, but she didn't. She evidently thought that she was paying the hard coin she was much attention as he deserved. The sober villagers watched her in wonder. They would have

chattered about the affray. Some of the tradespeople who sold buns and those cups marked "A Present from Stratford for a Good Boy" gathered around the entrance. It was not at all exciting, but very calm and entertaining. Arthur Lewis arranged the programme, and Charles J. Abud directed it. Sarah, discovered as Hamlet, took a good peep at the house when the curtain rose. She wanted to make sure that it was crowded. I suppose, before she turned on her frenzy. I have given you (likewise myself) such an allopathic dose of her "Hamlet" that I won't say anything much about this Stratford performance. She had altered her lines a little, and instead of crying out "Ab-sinthe," in translation of "Wormwood," she made it "Amertume," which sounded a little less giddy and bar-like. The applause was not vociferous. It was led by a Frenchman who called out "Bravo!" on all possible and impossible occasions. For all I know, he might have been a member of Sarah's troupe. But he was very useful. As this Stratford audience's French was most surely limited to an occasional "Oul," it was nice to know when "Bravos!" were in order, and very



been more interested if she had possessed two heads. It was an amusing sight, and I couldn't help thinking of Lavinia Dempsey, Queen of the Holland Dances, at the Waldorf-Astoria.

The prices of admission at the Memorial Theatre were delightfully high. The gallery cost \$1.25, the stalls \$5.25; but even in Stratford-on-Avon there is no such thing as a free lunch. All the swells from the county of Warwickshire were there, including the Countess of Warwick, a lovely, picture-faced creature in pink and a sly hat. "Dicky" Le Gallienne, with a mane and black knickerbockers, graced the assemblage. And still Stratford seemed as sleepy as ever. If Bernhardt with her "Hamlet" and Le Gallienne with his mane couldn't overcome the town's lassitude, then Stratford must be beyond arousing. I kept an eye on the door to see if Shakespeare could possibly rest easy with this parody going on. Poor Shakespeare! I am not given to pathos, but I couldn't help feeling a trifle unflippant as I noted this peppery advertised affair being rushed on in his name!

The Avon flowed silently along by the side of the playhouse, but Sarah and her company had no use for the Avon. A few boating parties rested on their oars, and noted the to-do around the theatre. The French railway labels in that silent, poetic spot seemed like the very bathos of happenings. A few townspeople stood at the gates of the park

thoughtful of this particular gentleman to vouchsafe the information.

At the close of the performance, which went quickly, for Sarah was in a hurry to catch the boat at Droyer, Sarah was called out, and the High Sheriff of Warwick—an affable old person, very well nourished—mounted to the stage (the steps were there, carpeted in red) and handed Sarah a bouquet. She bowed sweetly, and showed all her teeth. Then the High Sheriff backed away, and would have been knocked on the head and obliterated by the falling curtain if Sarah hadn't sprung forward and plucked him away. Miss Corelli did nothing further, probably because Sarah was in a hurry. She looked, however, as though she would have said a few words upon the slightest provocation.

And this is the story of Sarah's appearance in "Hamletina" among the very surroundings in which Shakespeare himself was familiar. I should like to add that Sarah will gather her grandchildren around her knee, and tell them all about it, but it wouldn't be true, as Sarah has no penchant for knitting and grandchildren. She left Stratford just as she found it. It never turned a hair. Nobody looked to see if Shakespeare had stirred, but you can take it from me that he hadn't. An hour after Sarah's departure, and the little town on the Avon was back in its groove.

ALAN DALE.

LOOKS LIKE
A
FAIRY TALE.

A New Haven chemist has made an affidavit, which is in the possession of Molinex's lawyers, that in the Spring of 1897 he compounded a poison of antimony, prussic acid, mercury and copperas for a man who gave his name as "Cornish," and his address as Hartford, Conn. Later in the Fall of the same year this chemist claims to have received a letter from "Cornish" from New York City asking for another quantity of the poison. He charged him \$10 for each portion of the compound.

What faith can be put in the testimony of a chemist who announces that he sold a disguised poison to a stranger, of whose purposes he had no knowledge? What punishment should be meted out to a man who would compound such an instrument of death for pay?

A chemist who would do this need not be surprised if no weight is given to his statements. If he would sell poison for ten dollars a portion, some jurors might suspect him of selling evidence for a good deal more.

AN EMPRESS
AS A MIRACLE
WORKER.

The cable brings an absurd story of how the people of Newesellka, a village in Galicia, have been stirred by a "miracle." It seems that the owner of a portrait of the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria discovered blood oozing from the canvas at a point just above the heart of the Empress. The occurrence was reported to the church authorities. Bishop Shuciewicz took charge of the painting. He, too, found blood upon it. The canvas was cleaned and hung upon the walls of the Greek Church, where no one could tamper with it. The heart of the departed Empress again stained the portrait with blood. The good Bishop promptly declared it a "miracle," and pious pilgrims have come from remote lands to worship before the painting of the Empress.

What an unfortunate thing it is to discredit all religion and all faith by this kind of quackery. Such a "miracle" could not stand for a moment before intelligent investigation. Belief in so transparent a trick is based solely on the ignorance of the people.

Bishop Shuciewicz, of Newesellka, should be disciplined for bringing ridicule upon his church and his high office.

THE
OLD
STORY.

Valentine, the New Jersey bank defaulter, in relating the story of his downfall, tells how he took the first false step:

My ruin dates back to when I received a "glit-edge" tip on gas stock by a man who should have been in a position to know, and who said that it was going way up. I took \$25,000 from the bank funds. I lost it all almost in a day. From that time until I made my last gamble, on Monday, when I lost \$8,000, which I took from the Perth Amboy Savings Institution, I tried to catch up on my losses. Of course I failed.

How many other men in positions of trust have been led to ruin by a Wall street "tip!" The temptation to make money easily in this extravagant, rushing age is so great, the desire to own fine houses and fine jewels

THE GOSPEL
OF
BROTHERHOOD.

In an address at Prohibition Park, Staten Island, on Sunday, Mr. William T. F. Ferguson, formerly a Presbyterian missionary to Mexico, made this interesting statement:

Unless I'm very wrong, orthodoxy is totally in error as to the real purpose and scope of the gospel of Jesus. The real central idea, the message that Christ came to bring to men, was that men are brothers. He came to talk to men about their Father in the heavens and their brothers upon earth. Yet so far have we forgotten that fact that we build our temples mountain high, pay vast fortunes for song and sermon, and all the churches of the city of New York say less about human brotherhood, the real gospel of Christ, than does the New York Journal in the course of the week.

The Journal appreciates this hearty compliment. It is pleased to have the work it is striving to do for the education, the moral uplifting and the material welfare of the masses of the people approved by one who is in position to judge of the benefits conferred.

WHAT
THE WOMEN
DO.

The results of every social disturbance are far-reaching. The effect of the street car strike is felt not only in the hindrance to traffic and the possible destruction of property. In four thousand homes in Brooklyn are women and children face to face with want. The men can have little saved, for their scanty wages made life a constant struggle with poverty. The heaviest of the burden has fallen upon the wives. They have had to toil early and late, and to scrimp and save in order to keep the wolf outside of the door. Now they are firmly upholding the men. Possibly it is with some realization of the sufferings of so many of her own sex that Mrs. Roswell P. Flower is anxious to see the strike stopped, even at considerable expense to herself.

WHAT
THE STRIKE
TEACHES US.

The Brooklyn trolley strike, the threatening New Haven strike, and other impending strikes all over the country teach us two important lessons:

First—That the present "Republican prosperity" is not exactly what the people want. We have to admit that McKinley kept his word; he gave the country the "prosperity" that he meant, and that the principal business men meant. The latter undoubtedly are prosperous. But the Brooklyn strike has taught us that in spite of our "prosperity" there are tens of thousands of intelligent people who hail as a godsend the chance of earning \$2 by working twelve or fourteen hours every day, and who very soon learn the motions necessary to guide an electric